The Alchemy of Lies and Truths

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The Alchemy of Lies and Truths

by orphan_account

Summary

As Will and Hannibal plummeted off the cliff, Will woke up to his ceiling in Wolf Trap, Virginia.

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With a deep, gasping breath, Will woke up, and the first thing he saw was the ceiling of his home in Wolf Trap. His breath caught in his throat, chest stuttering, and he frantically tumbled off the bed. Will smelled his own scent, a scent of sweat and fear. Stumbling to his bathroom, he flicked the light on, staring at himself in the mirror.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The Beginning

Will Graham felt nothing but peace as he plummeted down the cliff with Hannibal in his arms, and he in Hannibal's. His shoulder twinged painfully when Will clutched Hannibal tighter, Bedelia's words echoing in his mind. *Can't live with him, can't live without him*. He was Hannibal's demise, but Hannibal was his as well. It seemed fitting to end their story tragically, somewhat like Romeo and Juliet, star crossed lovers with a doomed end. Will loved and hated Hannibal with every breath he took, with every inch of his body, and he embraced the feelings.

Hannibal was a monster, a monster that would wreck the world for Will if he so desired it, and he didn't know what to do with that kind of devotion. Although, Will could be described as a monster as well, with the things he had done. The saying that as you died, your life flashed before your eyes, felt mostly true to Will. Will was contemplating so many events in his life in those few seconds than he had before.

He jerked slightly as the cold water of the Atlantic rushed over them, the shock almost causing Will to let go of Hannibal. In a state of almost panic, Will dragged Hannibal to him, pressing him close. He felt Hannibal drag him closer as well. Despite the panic he had first felt at the thought of separation from Hannibal, Will sunk into a dark calm, feeling at peace, his mind quieted for once.

His eyes closed, and he sunk farther into the darkness that wrapped around him. He felt nothing, saw nothing, and heard nothing, and fell into what felt like a deep sleep.

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Will looked at the disheveled, sweaty, unstable looking man in the mirror, barely recognising who he saw there. It was the him before he met Hannibal, before Jack dragged him into the FBI, before shit hit the fan. Will made an aborted motion to turn on the shower, before he pulled himself together and got into the shower after unclothing himself.

Under the beat of hot water, Will leaned against the tiled wall, his mind racing and scrambling around, trying to find an answer to what happened to him. Despite the horrors inflicted on him, Will hoped to God that it wasn't a dream or a hallucination. Will wanted it to be real, he didn't think he could stand it if it was all a dream. A spark of pain erupted in his shoulder, and red started spilling into the water, turning it pink.

Grimacing at the pain, he looked at his shoulder, where a knife wound sat innocently, as if it was supposed to be there. Like it was there before Will entered the shower.

Will's brain almost short circuited. He didn't remember being stabbed during this time, and if it was what he thought, it meant that the past few years weren't a dream. *It wasn't a dream*. Maybe, he could fix things. Maybe Abigail and Beverly could live, maybe Alana wouldn't become the woman who was as hard and cold as packed ice.

Maybe I could -, Will stopped that thought before it could blossom into something he couldn't control, and then the painful death of such a hope. It was highly unlikely that he could change Hannibal that way, or that he had even come back with Will. Even if he could change Hannibal, it wouldn't be *his* Hannibal. Turning off the shower, Will stepped onto the bathmat, gripping his injured shoulder, fumbling in his cabinets for his first aid kit.

Wrapping his shoulder was hard with one hand, and made Will wish Hannibal was here to help him, but he pulled through. He really needed to stop thinking about Hannibal, it would put him in an even worse mood than he already was. His shoulder was sore, he wasn't in his own time, and He wasn't really clean despite the shower he just took. Hannibal was gone and Will didn't really know what to do. He wanted to cry, scream, and break something, but he didn't do any of that. Picking up his phone, he checked the date and time, then cursed when he realized he had 50 minutes to get to Quantico, *and* it was the very first day he met Hannibal.

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Will had just barely made it in time, bursting through the door just as his last student arrived. Fixing his hair, he started to begin his lecture when Jack Crawford burst in and dismissed his class, the asshole. Jack opened his mouth to no doubt guilt trip him into a case, when Will interrupted him.

"If you ever come into **my** classroom again, dismiss **my** class, without **my** express permission, I will be extremely pissed off. I may help you with your cases, but I am a teacher first, and I am not an FBI agent. Do you understand?" Will's voice was low, his tone deceptively level. Jack most likely wasn't intimidated, Will knew that, but he needed to get it across this time that he wouldn't be following Jack's orders like a duckling after it's mom.

Jack nodded, reluctance clear in his gaze, and then leaned close to Will, his voice just as level as Will's.

"I . . . Need to borrow your imagination." Will conceded, and followed Jack to his office, knowing exactly what was waiting for him. When he got there, Will's heart cried out in agony when he saw Hannibal, and there was no recognition in his gaze. Keeping his emotions inward, he made no outward reaction to seeing Hannibal, a Hannibal that wasn't his.

The Mongoose

Chapter Summary

"I don't find you that interesting." A lie.

"You will."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Tell me then, how many confessions?”

“12 dozen last time I checked. None of them had any details, until this morning. Then they all had details. Some genius in Duluth PD took a photograph of Elise Nichols body with his cell phone, shared it with his friends, and then Freddie Lounds posted it on TattleCrime.Com.” Jack’s voice was calm, but Will could see the slight anger in his eyes. His body posture betrayed him as well.

Will decided to keep with what he remembered the first time he had stumbled through time, and said, with a voice full of hatred, “Tasteless.”

“Do you have trouble with taste?” Hannibal’s voice was as smooth as he remembered, and Will subconsciously relaxed, though not by much. This Hannibal wasn’t his Hannibal, Will had to remember that.

Keeping with the script in his mind, Will said, “My thoughts are often not tasty.” He was careful to keep the same inflection in his voice that he had the first time. Will knew most people wouldn’t remember something like this so vividly in their minds, but this was the day he met Hannibal. The day he met the man who he both hated and loved with every part of him. It had always stuck vivid in his mind, even after the years had passed.

“Nor mine,” Hannibal responded. “No effective barriers.” Will was hyper aware of every move Hannibal made as he moved to sit down in the chair next to him. Will kept his shoulder as still as possible as he lifted the mug to his lips.

“I build forts,” Will said. “And dungeons,” he said as an afterthought, thinking of Castle Lecter.

“Associations come quickly.” Will was better able to understand Hannibal this time around. In his first life he had a bit of trouble deciphering Hannibal’s accent, by now he was accustomed to the somewhat strong Lithuaninan accent Hannibal had.

“So do forts and dungeons,” Will muttered.

“Not fond of eye contact, are you?” Hannibal said as he lowered the cup from where he was about to take a drink. Will still had problems with eye contact, though he was better at it. His Hannibal was the only one he could really hold eye contact with, his Hannibal wouldn’t run from the darkness within.

“Eyes are distracting,” Will said simply, not bothering to go on the nervous spiel he had before. About burst veins, hepatitis, and about how much you see.

“I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind,” said Hannibal. It was true, the minds of the many killers he had touched brought forth the darkness he had hid from even himself the first time round. Though Hannibal did also have a helping hand in that as well. “Your values and decency are present, yet shocked at your associations. Appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone area of your skull for things you love.”

Will’s jaw clenched. He wasn’t horrified like he was the first time, but he was pissed off at Jack. Jack needed to learn when to stop meddling, and when to fuck off. “Jack.” Jack turned to look at him from where he sat. “Stop sending psychologists to profile me, or psychoanalyze me. It gets irritating.” His sentences were clipped, and Jack looked like he was surprised. The first time, Will had allowed Jack to walk all over him, and he hadn’t realized that both Alana and Hannibal had been sent by Jack to profile him at first.

“I’m sorry, Will,” Hannibal was as calm and controlled as always. “When Jack asked, I had no idea that you would be so adverse to the situation.” That was a bald-faced lie, and they both knew it, even if Hannibal wasn’t aware that he knew.

“Please don’t psychoanalyze me,” Will said as he leaned forward, aware that Hannibal was sipping his coffee in the chair next to him. “You wouldn’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed.” Will’s voice had dropped into a darker tone, and he stood up.

“No if you excuse me,” He said as he walked away, ignoring Jack’s call of “Will”. “I have to go give a lecture, on psychoanalyzing.” He put an emphasis on the word ‘psychoanalyzing’, if Hannibal got to be a dramatic little shit then so did he.

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Now that Will accepted the darkness that had always lurked within him, and he knew exactly how and why Cassie Boyle had died, he could appreciate the design. Hannibal always made everything an art, even his murdered victims.

The buzz of the other’s conversation filtered in one ear and out the other as Will studied the girl impaled on the stag. He noticed the surgical precision of how the skin had been sliced, and the neat stitching. It seemed he was the only one who noticed the way everything had been done.

When he heard Jack’s comment about how his reading of Garret Jacob Hobbs was wrong, Will snapped at him.

“Whoever killed this girl didn’t kill the others,” Will said firmly. “This killer thought this girl was a pig, less than human.” She had probably been rude, how ever accidentally, to Hannibal

at some point, and he had killed her. Made it a present, gift wrapped the scene for Will, to show him the negative to see the positive.

He squinted at Cassie Boyle's body, eyeing the clean, marble white skin, studying the stag horns impaling the girl's body. With a scoff, he walked off to his car, and drove to the hotel.

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Will opened the door when he heard the knock on the hotel door, smiling inwardly when he saw Hannibal on the other side of the door. Playing along with the script inside his head, he asked, "Where's Crawford?" Not really acknowledging Hannibal's 'Good morning, Will.'

"Deposed in court, the adventure will be yours and mine today. May I come in?"

Stepping aside, Will let Hannibal inside, drinking in the feeling of having Hannibal near, even if it wasn't his Hannibal. They sat down at the table, where Hannibal continued talking.

"I am very careful about what I put into my body, which means I make most meals myself." Will snorted inwardly, knowing full well what Hannibal ate almost every meal. "A little protein scramble to start the day, eggs, sausage."

Will stared at the bowl, knowing full well that the 'sausage' was Cassie Boyle's lungs. After a few hesitant seconds, Will grabbed the bowl, and ate the delicious food within. "It's delicious, thank you." Will buzzed happily inside when he saw Hannibal's lips turn upwards ever so slightly.

"My pleasure," Will remembered that this Hannibal was always prim, proper, and controlled. Like a robot. His Hannibal was himself around Will, freely allowing the monster inside him to roam, ditching the person suit.

"I would apologize for my analytical ambush, but I know I will soon be apologizing again," said Hannibal. It was weird, how this Hannibal acted, and when Will looked into his eyes, he saw a darkness that he hadn't seen before. Was it because he knew Hannibal this time around? "And you will tire of that eventually," Hannibal continued. "I have to consider using apologies sparingly."

Will nodded his head, gesturing to Hannibal with his fork. "It's all right, every psychiatrist that meets me wants to study my cocktail of neurologies and instabilities. Just keep it professional." It was true, even Alana still wanted to understand him at the end. And oh god, he didn't just want to have a professional relationship with Hannibal, it would kill him on the inside.

Hannibal gave a little smirk, "Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly."

"I don't find you that interesting," Will said. It was such a lie. Hannibal had pulled him into his orbit so long ago, and it was so hard to look away from him. The monsters inside Hannibal and Will were so alike it was hard to not find the other interesting.

“You will.” The sentence sounded so serious and foreboding, like it was foreshadowing something. Hannibal turned the topic of conversation from where it was heading, and instead nodding toward the book on the table.

“What are you reading?” it was an innocent question, yet the way Hannibal said it, made it sound like it had different depths. Will held up the book, the front cover was beautiful, and it was obviously new.

“It’s a book a friend recommended,” said Will. Actually, the book was one Hannibal had recommended to him, but he hadn’t read it to spite the man. He did love the story though, and was very glad he had eventually read it.

“Your friend has good taste,” Hannibal said, an odd expression crossing his face very quickly.

“The best,” Will said with a small smirk.

Hannibal yet again steered the conversation away from it’s topic. “Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters.”

“I don’t think the Shrike killed that girl in the field.”

“The devil is in the details,” Hannibal said, leaning forward over his bowl. “What didn’t your Copycat do to the girl in the field, what gave it away?”

“Everything,” Will said, staring straight at Hannibal. “The Copycat killer thought that girl was a pig, he had no love for her. He cut her open while she was still alive and screaming, the Shrike wouldn’t have done that. It was rather reminiscent of the Chesapeake Ripper actually.” Now that Will had all of the details, he could make that connection rather easily.

Will saw something like shock pass through Hannibal’s eyes, and gave himself a small, inward pat on the back. He always felt proud of himself when he could upset the European’s way of thinking.

“You know Will, I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little teacup.” Dear lord, Hannibal was bouncing the conversation all over the place this time. “The finest china used for only special guests.”

Will leaned back with a slightly hysterical chuckle, Hannibal gave a small laugh along with him. “How do you see me?” Will asked.

“The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by.” Hannibal said, his face turning serious. It gratified Will to know that even if it wasn’t his Hannibal, he still wanted Will by his side.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took a bit, I had to review the episodes a few hundred times over, figuring out what to change and how to tailor it to my story!

I hope you enjoy, have a nice morning/day/evening/afternoon!

VERY IMPORTANT

Chapter Summary

Very important for readers.

I am SO SO sorry that this isn't a new chapter, but i haven't been happy with how this is turning out, and haven't felt any idea on how to continue it. So, it's getting reworked. Pretty much all of my WIPs are getting reworked, cause i jumped into all of them with no plan and it has become overwhelming, never mind the struggles i've been having with depression recently. I would be happy if you stuck with this story, but you don't have to. I also ask that you don't put hate in the comments.

I just haven't felt happy with how these stories turned out, and needed to make them into something that did make me happy. Again, i am so sorry, but i needed this.

love,

SarcasticSunshine

End Notes

This is my first Hannigram fit, and I'm rewatching the show as I write this! Thanks for reading! Have a good day/night/evening!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!